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*Twilight.*

## No. II.

To Rodrigo and Ximena  
 Gave his regal word the king;  
 And by Layn Calvo, soon they  
 Bound were by the nuptial ring.

Much rejoiced that happy couple,  
 Erst such bitter enemies;  
 But when love is overflowing,  
 Rankling recollection flies.

Now are linked that bride and bridegroom,  
 Now they're one, both hands and hearts;  
 When to her, with troubled visage,  
 The brave Cid thus his soul imparts:—

“ Sweetest love, I slew thy father,  
 “ But I slew him openly;  
 “ My own life I fairly perilled,  
 “ In the strife 'twixt him and me.

“ A knight he was,—a knight I give thee,  
 “ Here at thy least hest I stand;  
 “ And instead of thy dead father,  
 “ Spouse devoted you command.”

Loud praised all his deep discretion,  
 Each its force could fully feel;  
 And so finished the fair nuptials  
 Of Rodrigo of Castile.

Cork, June, 1830.

## TWILIGHT.

Though many say they ne'er can meet  
 A summer hour that's half so sweet,  
 As when at eve the failing light  
 So softly floats 'twixt day and night,  
 It never came but heav'd my breast  
 With feelings not to be exprest;  
 Then oft with tears has fill'd mine eye,  
 My words oft ended in a sigh,  
 And still to me that light has brought  
 A likeness to the hour so fraught  
 E'en to the strongest minds, with dread,  
 When 'tween the living and the dead  
 Hovers the soul, ere yet its flight  
 It wings into eternal night;  
 Like twilight seems to me the strife  
 That Nature holds 'twixt death and life;  
 The dew seems tears from unseen eyes,  
 And every breeze seems fraught with sighs.

M<sup>rs</sup> S.